

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

BY

CHARLES LLOYD.

"Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede."

TASSO — *Gerusalemme Liberata, Canto secondo.*

CARLISLE:

PRINTED BY F. JOLLIE, FOR J. RICHARDSON, PENRITH; AND
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AND RALLISON, BIRMINGHAM.

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March 25, 1955

DEDICATORY SONNET.

Ad Amicos.



How lone and languid were life's weary way,
 Measur'd by faint steps, and by dim eyes trac'd,
 Did not *Affection* now and then display
 A spot of beauty 'mid a flowerless waste.

How would the soul unsatisfied, and cold,
 Pine all unconscious of its secret powers,
 Those powers did fostering Friendship ne'er unfold,
 Nor ward with fond attempt each storm that lowers.

To You then, of the firm, tho' little band
 Of those I love!—who sweetly have endear'd
 Some moments far too fleeting, and have fann'd
 The trembling flame of virtue, who have rear'd

That *secret worth* that heeds nor blame nor praise—
 To You I consecrate these random lays.

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WERE the AUTHOR of the following *Poems* desirous of ~~sending~~ ^{obtaining} them on the Public, with apologies for their defects, on account of *Youth*, or incompatible avocations, it were in his power to do it;—but he disclaims praise on any such ambiguous terms.—They are only the effusions of the moment; as such he would have them considered:—None of them are the productions of previous study, or are indebted, for what little merit they may chance to possess, to an hour's premeditation; they are, without any exception, the untutor'd ebullition of involuntary feeling.

If recondite references, perspicuity of plan, and a display of general literature, be requisite to constitute the reputation of a Poet, the AUTHOR is well aware that he will then have no claim to the character; the pieces here inserted were thrown into this form, chiefly for the sake of some friends; and he hopes that *those friends*, though cold criticism may despise

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them, will not be influenced by the blame of
those——

* ————“ Who at their will
Th’ ingenious strain of torturing art could trill.”

’Tis enough for him if they touch the feeling
mind, he is—

† ————“ Content, as random fancies might inspire,
If his weak reed, at times, or plaintive lyre,
He touch’d with desultory hand, and drew
Some soften’d tones, to Nature not untrue.”

RANWATH,
May 8th,
1795.

* BOWLES.

† BOWLES.

THE

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SONNET I.

To the Moon.

PALE moon! I love thy luminous orb to view
 When first thou mountest from the azure main;
Pale moon! I love to mark thy tenderest hue
 Steal softly o'er the wide and wat'ry plain.

For while I see thee smiling on the wave
 As golden clouds thy lonely lamp attend,
Methinks I view a form that often gave
 The charm that waits upon a *pitying friend*.

Oft, when disgusted with day's garish light,
 I've wander'd penfive by the twilight gleam,
Thou'st chac'd for me the dark impending night
 With many a pale and melancholy beam.

Oh! when life's joyless prospects I resign
 May *conscious virtue* give a ray like thine:

SONNET II.

*Occasioned by a Domestic's Tears at parting from the
Author.*

HAIL to thy tear, thou simple child of worth !

To me it seems a pearl of rarest price,
It beams a lustre little known to Mirth,
It sheds a balm unfelt by harden'd Vice,

Hail to thy tear!——to me it seems to say,
That tho' by Fashion's votaries I'm revil'd,
That tho' misfortune mark my cheerless way,
Still I am dear to Poverty's meek child.

And I had rather be the friend of woe,
The *mournful brother* of the joyless slave,
Than chill'd by Apathy's cold influence, know
The smiles of wealth, and all that pomp e'er gave.

Ah yes! the poor man's tear I'd rather claim,
Than all the pleasures of a *noted name*.

SONNET III.

Written at Exmouth, Devon.

THE fleecy clouds that veil the evening sky
Sail slowly o'er the white reflecting main ;
On whose calm breast the breeze forgets to sigh,
And yields to silence thro' the sober scene.

The distant hills, where each bright tint was seen
Of cultivation, hide their downy heads
Beneath the dewy cloud that floats serene,
And on their forms a misty shadow sheds.

Now on the sleeping wave a vermeil hue
Is soft reflected from the glowing west,
Where with slow step meek eve retires from view,
And leaves the world to melancholy rest.

In such a prospect Fancy can impart
The magic charm that soothes an aching heart.

SONNET IV.

Written at Church-Hop. Isle of Portland.

ON the grey rock with tumbling fragments rude,
The conscious castle, proud in ruin, frowns,
While far beneath as rolls the welt'ring flood,
Each feeble sound its deep-ton'd murmur drowns.

From this steep crag, where Terror leagu'd with Power
Invasion's troubled tempest would defy,
Dimly is seen the * distant cliff to tower,
Or the faint ocean mingling with the sky.

Amid the tangles of the briared dell,
A high arch'd abbey's shrub-twin'd fragments show,
Where many a sinking stone forgets to tell
To Fame's deaf ear, the dust that lies below.

Rude scene! 'till thou'rt no more, shall Wildness claim
" A local habitation, and a name."

* St. Alban's Point.

SONNET V.

To the Grave.

THOU welcome mansion of eternal rest!

I do not shrink the dreary gloom to feel,
That calms the tumult of my aching breast,
As o'er thy daised turf forlorn I steal.

I do not shrink to hear the passing bell:

Tolling in measur'd cadence dull and slow,
Bid the worn mourner to thy joyless cell
Weeping, with steps unequal feebly go.

With thee, the heart that long has throb'd with woe

Shall sink (oh welcome thought!) to peace profound,
The form that oft was worn by care below,
Shall sleep unconscious of misfortune's wound.

In the dark confines of thy shelt'ring breast,
The wicked vex not, and the weary rest!

SONNET VI.

Written near Cromack Lake.

YE hoary scenes of savage grandeur hail!

To the unpractis'd heart for ever dear!

Whose cliffs are swept by many a hollow gale,

While the hoarse mountain torrent tumbles near.

Here Custom, tyrant of the glowing soul,

Her dull, depressing sway usurps no more ;

Here simple Nature learns without controul

Above this nether sphere in thought to soar.

And here the passions of the native breast

Affection warm, and sympathy infuse

Those wild emotions, and that rapture blest

That prompt the efforts of the rustic muse.

Oh! may I oft your rudest views explore,

And learn of Nature, Virtue's genuine lore.

SONNET VII.

To a Snow-Drop.

SIGHING I pluck thee, earliest child of spring!

And place thy simple flow'ret near my breast,

Thinking thy snowy lustre still may bring

Feelings, tho' somewhat mournful, not unblest.

Scarce twelve frail months on Times' cold wing have sped,

Since pacing, all elate, life's upward slope,

I snatch'd a bud like thine, and fondly said,

"This is the little harbinger of hope!"

Now when I mark thee peeping as I walk,

I think thee fair as ever, but *more frail*;

And when thou droopest on thy slender stalk,

I weep that even so ^{life's} ~~my~~ joys should fail.

Then come, pale bud, and let me breathe a sigh,

To fan the emblem of delights—that die!

SONNET VIII.

FROM PETRARCH.

Ite rime dolenti, &c.

GO, mournful rhymes, to yonder marble go !
 Where, on the earth's cold lap my Laura's laid ;
 Call her from heaven with notes of tenderest woe,
 For surely heaven receiv'd her when she fled.

Tell her, alas ! I'm weary and unblest,
 Tir'd with the tempest of life's restless sea ;
 Tell her, her image in my faithful breast,
 Is all, the dear lov'd all, that's left for me.

Tell her, tho' life or death 'twere her's to prove
 Her beauty still should fire my fondest thought ;
 Tell her (for now she dwells in worlds above)
 To sooth my soul bewilder'd and distraught.

For soon (blest hope !) we'll meet, in heaven to find
 An unrestrain'd communion of mind.

SONNET IX,

FROM THE SAME.

Che fai? che pensi? &c.

WHY dost thou look with useless fond regret,

To joys that never, never can return,

Deluded heart? why does Affection yet

In all thy throbs, and wild emotions burn?

Those accents sweet, those glances sweeter still,

Which oft alas! could prompt th' impassion'd strain,

No more my breast with Love's warm glow shall fill,

Nor charm my ears, nor bless my eyes again.

Then why, Remembrance, dost thou still torment,

And waken thoughts that only soothe to kill?

The fruitless sorrow, Virtue shall repent—

Far loftier cares my doating heart should fill.

Forget the fair! better she ne'er were given,

Than both, in life and death to wean from heaven.

SONNET X.

FROM THE SAME.

Solo e pensofo i piu deserti campi, &c.

WHERE Nature frowns uncultur'd and forlorn,
I love alone to wander, sad and slow,
O'er tracts by friendly footsteps never worn,
With eyes averted desolate I go.

Alas! 'tis thus I shun th' unfeeling race ;
'Tis thus from th' intercourse of man I part ;
For sure the langour of each fading grace
Betrays the anguish of an aching heart.

So oft my melancholy fate I wail,
That every river, forest, hill, and plain,
Have learnt the tenour of my tearful tale ;
And still so changeless is my amorous pain,
That varied Nature's wildest scenes assail
My heart (a prey to passion) all in vain.

SONNET XI.

FROM THE SAME.

Rota e l'alta Colonna, &c.

ALAS! my dearest hope is now no more,
 The soothing comfort of my wearied soul;
 Her parted charms this sphere can ne'er restore
 Where zephyrs wanton, or where oceans roll.

She's fled, far fled, from this sad scene of pain,
 And every joy with her has ceas'd to bloom,
 And every lingering, longing wish is vain,
 For death has seal'd th' irrevocable doom.

Then since with fate 'tis bootless to contend,
 My unresisting soul must fall her prey;
 My tear-dim'd eyes her hard behests must mourn.
 Oh life, thou flattering, tho' deceitful friend!
 Thou showest to youth full many a prospect gay,
 Then bidst them ^V vanish never to return.
 ^

SONNET XII.

FROM THE SAME.

Gliocchi, di ch'io parlo, &c.

THOSE beaming eyes where pity us'd to shine,
That lovely form adorn'd with every grace,
Which won this soft impassion'd heart of mine
To quit the world's infatuating chace.

Those locks luxurious, brighter far than gold,
Those cheeks where smiles seraphic lov'd to play,
The narrow mansions of the dead infold,
A shapeless heap of cold insensate clay.

And yet 'tis mine, tho' all I lov'd be gone,
Tho' faithless hope denies her pilot ray,
Tho' blackest tempests frown, to linger here;
With hope the muses soothing dreams are flown :
My mind enfeebled feels its force decay,
And nought remains but th' unavailing tear.

SONNET XIII.

FROM THE SAME.

Sento l'aura antica, &c.

WITH sad delight I breathe these well known gales,
And mark those hills, whose summits pierce the skies,
With sad delight, those solitary vales
That witness'd love's deceitful hopes arise.

How frail each bliss, each mortal hope how frail!
O'er these dear scenes where beauty lov'd to bloom,
Cold melancholy low'rs with aspect pale,
And points desponding to the narrow tomb.

Ah! once my soul (with many a care oppress'd)
Look'd for some retribution of her woe
To yowⁿ frail tenant of the earth's cold breast!
And trusting thus to passion's fleeting glow
I've never found th' anticipated rest,
But mourn each earthly hope, an empty show,

SONNET XIV.

FROM THE SAME.

Vaga angelletto che cantando vai, &c.

SWEET wandering bird who pour'st the soothing song,
Or tell'st of fate the melancholy tale,
While even sweeps with dusky shade along,
And autumn whistles down the leaf strewn vale.

If thou'rt like me with whelming woe oppress'd,
Our mutual griefs in mutual love shall join,
Thy liquid notes shall soothe my pensive breast,
And with thy sorrows thou may'st warble mine.

Tho' perhaps the object of thy tender love,
May still with thee support life's load of care,
While mine has wing'd her flight to realms above!
But ah! the melancholy prospect near
With the remembrance of past pleasures move
To tell to love's kind mate the woes I bear.

SONNET XV.

FROM THE SAME.

Quel rosignol chesii, &c.

YON gentle bird that knows too well to wail

The ills that life's uncertain state must prove,
Charms with her melting notes the ling'ring gale,
And fills the scene with melody and love.

From eve's pale hour, till purple morn appears,
In my distress he seems to bear a part ;
Compassion's hand ne'er wipes away my tears
Which flow from fancy's visionary heart.

For my "frail thoughts dallying with false fummise"
Built all their hopes of happiness below,
And still forgot how soon earth's pleasure flies !
But now alas ! 'tis mine with tears to know
That every thought to purer scenes should rise,
Nor linger here with vanity and woe.

Ode to Simplicity.

O H thou whose gentle breast
 Each purer sense has blest,
 (True to the magic touch of joy and woe)
 In vain cold art displays
 To thee her tortuous maze;
 Thou only feel'st what Nature's children know.

The frantic furious soul
 Where Passion's tempests roll.
 Thy mild and sober influence never taught :
 The Erudite refin'd
 Who scorns the native mind
 Shall weave unblest by thee the wildering thought.

And he whose vacant breast
 Is steep'd in callous rest,
 By thee pure maid shall be unnotic'd still;

Whose senses never shoot
 (Devote to low pursuit)
 With Virtue's warm, and life ennobling thrill.

Methinks thou lov'st to dwell
 In some sequester'd cell
 Where pure domestic bliss for ever smiles;
 Thou bid'st sensation shine
 In tears of joy divine,
 And inborn virtue every hour beguiles.

Unmark'd thou lov'st to fit
 As flows the social wit
 From the free board in emanation bright,
 While all the soul is felt
 In glowing thought to melt,
 And rolls each eye instinct with keen delight.

Thou prompt'st the trembling tongue
 Where feeling oft has hung,
 Whence accents flow to *thee* alone confin'd;

Thou giv'st the tell-tale face
 A free and forceful grace,
 And wak'st the untaught intercourse of mind.

Thou lov'st the infant's smile
 Unknown to lurking guile,
 Its inoffensive joys, and gambols gay;
 Thou lov'st the brow of youth
 Irradiate with truth,
 And giv'st life's early path one cloudless day.

Thou bid'st the Lover's tale
 With magic charm prevail
 While Nature's pathos breathes in every word;
 Thou giv'st the maid to prove
 The genuine joys of love,
 As *Thou* believ'st what inclination heard.

Oh! may I often tread
 By musing Fancy led
 Where rude thy turf-incircled shrine is found,

While primrose' paly hue
 And snow-drops bath'd in dew.
 And simple hare-bells glisten all around.

And while to deck thy shrine
 The votive wreath I twine,
 And breathe in numbers wild my glowing soul,
 If thou wilt fill my heart
 I'll scorn the "wealth of art,"
 'The pomp of rule, and every tame controul.

Ode to Kefwick Lake, Cumberland.

WILD scenes ! tho' absent from my sight,
 Remembrance often views your wakeful charm,
 She cherishes with fond delight
 The enthusiastic thrill, the feeling warm,
 The glow poetic, and the wild alarm,
 That ever waits, enchanting scenes, on you !
 She often sees your hanging wood
 Wave on the mountain's brow,
 And ^{kens} ~~hems~~ your mild reflecting flood
 Sleep in the vale below,
 With feelings keenly true :——
 She views the mountain torrent white with foam,
 As its big mass darts wildly from on high ;
 While conscious shades that shed an awful gloom,
 From the rude glare of Day's unwelcome eye
 Shroud many a fairy form that loves to hover night.

Majestic views!

What trembling effort of my votive muse,

May dare to hail

Shades where SUBLIMITY shall ever dwell.

Where oft SHE points the melancholy rock

To make it frown more dread,

And bids the beetling crag more proudly mock

The embrio storm that hovers round its head,

While SHE of rapturous thought the *Magic Queen*,

Wakes every *ruder grace*,

BEAUTY, *more lovely* in an awful scene

Adorns of nature the *expressive face*

With many a *sweeter charm*,

And hues divinely warm,——

Bids the torrent as it flows

In the vale below repose,

Bids the glowing car of day

Shed a soft attemper'd ray,

Gives the groves a fresher green

Where mild zephyr fails serene,

BEAUTY calms the liquid lake,

And ever bids it sweetly take

The margin rock, and each time-hallow'd wood,
Each mountain wildly high, sublimely rude,
With soft reflected grace in its reposing flood.

Methinks I see in native charm attir'd

All the bright forms of KESWICK's happy vale,
Methinks I see the scene which oft inspir'd

The glow of Genius, and the Muses tale.

DERWENT ! I view thy lake of clearest glass
Which Nature decks in beauty all thine own,
The liquid lustre of its level face

Where the gay pinnace glitters to the sun,

" I feel the balmy gales that blow"

Its surface brightly clear along,

And now I hear them murmur low

The lightly trembling woods among.

The cluster'd isles that scarcely peep

From the blue bosom of the deep,

Which loves their grassy sides to lave,

Now meet excursive Fancy's eye

And with a sweet diversity

Break the wide level of the rippling wave.

Ah! as thy varying scene I mark,
 What cloud-clad rocks, what mountains huge appear,
 Here GOWDAR frowns, with SKIDDAW in its rear,
 A vast stupendous mass! and hark!
 Methinks I seem in Fancy's dream to hear
 A deep majestic sound
 From you rude rocks ^{re} ~~abound~~
 Where wild woods ever wave 'mid fragments drear.
 On breezes borne, that fan the day,
 Now louder, and now louder roars
 The hollow sound on KESWICK's shores,
 As on I urge my way.—
 'Till led by Fancy to the impending shade,
 O'er-canopied by melancholy rocks,
 LODORE is seen to thunder thro' the glade,
 And from the appalling steep with fearful shocks
 To urge the fragment thro' the opening air,
 Big with impending fate and deep despair
 To Him, the unlucky wight, that wont to wander near.

Tremendous flood!
 Which flingst thy foam on many a fragment rude;

And bid'st the forest quake
 And listening nature shake,
 As down thou tumblest 'mid the humid wood.
 For thee, her showers may summer send,
 And still replenish every spring;
 For thee, the lone Enthusiast's friend
 Her wildest storms may winter bring:
 May many a mountain torrent mix with thine,
 And seek thy favorite haunt, sublimity divine.

 What are the graces of the polish'd scene
 Where the wild form of Nature's sought in vain,
 Where artificial elegance is seen
 A supplement to Beauty's beamy train!
 What, when compar'd to LODORE's shade!——
 Here wanton Nature's boundless grace,
 Fancy, sweet visionary maid,
 Is often fondly seen to trace.
 Here all the viewless forms that still
 Awake the Enthusiastic thrill,
 Here fairy phantoms that dispense
 Rapture to sublimated sense
 Impart their highest influence——

There, Dulnefs leaning on some statue near
 (Her emblem meet) wears out the insipid year,
 And talks of Nature with an idiot joy
 While Nature, absent maid, ne'er blest her vacant eye.

Elegy on a Poor Man's Grave.

THO' Pride may trample on the uncouth grave
 Where sleep the ashes of the lowly dead ;
 Altho' Misfortune's child no tomb may save
 Thy mouldering dust from every giddy tread.

 Yet Pity with a meek unpurchas'd tear
 Thy nameless sod shall wet in saddest guise,
 While the wan dupe of faithless Hope shall bear
 A garland quaint, and mutter " There he lies !"

 And there, as Evening lingers in the vale,
 Her fairy hands the pearly dew shall spread
 Her mist-clad power shall waft the gentlest gale
 To fan the flowers that deck thy earthy bed.

 And there shall lifeless Melancholy dwell
 And musing gaze th' upbraiding object near,
 Her frequent sigh (neglected Virtue's knell)
 Shall touch some desultory poet's ear.

For oh! the fate that mark'd thy life's sad day

Tho' thou might'st boast *pre-eminence of worth*,
That luckless fate has just allow'd thy clay

A poor unheeded sod of simple earth.

For thou hast pin'd in Grief's unsparing storm,

'Tho' thy breast felt Affection's warmest glow,
Yet none would house want's unattractive form

Or note a boastless tale of real woe.

Yet oh! thou conscious tho' neglected shade

Accept a passing Brother's casual tear,
A tribute pure tho' impotent to aid,

But seldom given to soothe Misfortune here.

Elegy on leaving Exmouth.

FAREWEL sweet scenes familiar to mine eyes,

Oft have I mark'd you with a transport blest,

Tho' now no more for me your charms shall rise,

Or give my soul a transitory rest.

Farewel, thou blue and ever restless main,

On whose clear breast yon bright orb sheds his ray,

While from the vault above with boundless reign

He proudly flames, the exulting LORD of day.

Farewel, ye little skiffs that calmly scud

With trembling white sail to each zephyr true

Along the wide and undulating flood;

Sweet fairy objects of a fairy view !

And you ye proud majestic ships that glide

With swelling canvas, and with pennants gay

Stately and slow along the obedient tide;

No more for me ye plow your wat'ry way !

Farewel the glowing figh, the swelling thought

The throb myfterious, and the tear fo sweet,

Farewel the joys that infpiration brought,

And Nature wild, in Solitude's retreat.

I hafte alas! from this unruffled main,

I hafte from fhores where fighs the placid wave,

To fcenes of moral mifery and pain

The billowy ftorms of bufy life to brave.

Feelings of peace, ye melting thoughts, I go,

I go with *you* to never more fejour!

Day-dreams of fweet imaginary woe

I quit your charms *realities* to mourn!

S O N G.

Rosamund Gray.

LET the Pander of Vice, and the Minion of Power,
 Claim the blasphemous boon of a verse ;

Let the Poet who sings for the infamous dower,
 Ambition's mad actions rehearse.

The child of Misfortune who's bent to the earth,
 Shall live in my incondite lay ;

I'll boast the intuitive feelings of worth,——
 The virtues of Rosamund Gray.

If actions are *great*, no one cares if they're *good*,
 A Tyrant's a reverenc'd name,

The *Grant of Renown* is imprinted in *Blood*,
 And a *sword* is a passport to *Fame*.

And I've mark'd *honest Virtue* with misery bow'd,
 Tho' she urge inoffensive her way ;

Yes, feelings I've mark'd that would honour the proud,
 In the bosom of Rosamund Gray.

A woman when blest with the trappings of wealth,

Is chang'd to an *Angel* at once,

Omnipotent affluence may bargain for health,

'Twill give sense to the Blockhead or Dunce.

Here is *One* who's without it, is sunk to a slave,

Tho' Infirmary's impotent prey,

And *Nature's simplicity* sinks to the grave,

Unnotic'd in Rosamund Gray.

The faithless, the selfish, the harden'd and proud,

If they're trickt out with *features* so nice,

Are officiously serv'd by the sycophant croud,

'Tis the apotheosis of vice :

But *Worth, mean and homely*, may work to the bone,

While spirits and strength shall decay :

And drop the big tear of dejection alone,

All unpitied like Rosamund Gray.

The slow moving hearse, and the black nodding plume,

And Hypocrisy's statue like air,

And the far-tolling knell, and the sculpture-wrought tomb,

Soften death for the *Rich and the Fair*.

Yet Integrity's carelessly toss'd to the clod,

E'en the bell its dull tribute won't pay,

But simple Misfortune shall sigh o'er the fod

And condole with poor Rosamund Gray.

SONG.

* HA! why is that tear in thine eye
 Gentle maid?—
 The tale of thy sorrows unfold—
 “ My Harry will die,
 “ And my poor babies cry,
 “ For they’re famish’d and shiv’ring with cold.”
 Well-a-day!

To the Doctor then hastily go
 Gentle maid!
 And tell him that Harry is worse.—
 “ The Doctor won’t cure
 “ When a patient is poor,
 “ For he heeds not the *Man* but his *purse*.”
 Well-a-day!

Hie away to the Tradesman so rich
 Gentle maid!

* The manner of this piece was suggested by reading Mr. HOLCROFT’S
 “ GAFFER GRAY.”

That lives at the mansion you see——

“ The Tradesman gets money,

“ But never gives any

“ To comfort poor sufferers like me.”

Well-a-day !

Dost thou know the great house in the park

Gentle maid ?

Where the great and the affluent live——

“ Alas! they’ve spent all

“ In a concert or ball,

“ To beggars they’ve nothing to give.”

Well-a-day !

Go, go,——’tis thine only resource

Gentle maid !

To the Justice and tell thy distress——

“ Ah, and go to be cow’d

“ By the taunts of the proud

“ Who relieve for a plea to oppress.”

Well-a-day !

Ah! what shall I do, I am poor!——

Gentle maid!

And nip'd by chill misery's breath——

Yet my last penny take

It may buy a small cake

And preserve thee a moment from death,

Well-a-day !

SONG.

I'M a man—and have feelings as well as the great,
And those feelings I never will flee,
Tho' recreant Vice, with proud trappings of state,
Bid Shame wait on Virtue and Me.
Tho' while all were indulging in revels and mirth,
I alone were unconscious of Rest,—
Yet still would I prize while I roam o'er the earth,
Virtue's sovereign Gem of the breast.

While I toil thro' the days' cheerless wearisome length
The child of Misfortune and Pain,
While I, inoffensive am wearying my strength,
And subsistence can hardly obtain;
There are miscreants unworthy to rank with a man,
By Flattery and Fortune carefs'd,
Yet still will I keep, tho' they blaze for a span,
Virtue's sovereign Gem of the breast.

I'm worn out with labour, and sinking with age,
And have no where to shelter my head,

And feldom the cravings of Nature to affuage,

Can infure the poor pittance of bread.

Mean while the Ambitious, the Vile, and Ingrate,

To Plenty add Luxury's zelt !——

But they know not like me, and I'll pity their fate,

Virtue's fovereign Gem of the breast.

Thro' my worn feeble frame, naked, shrivell'd, and old,

When the pitilefs tempeft begun,

Thro' my half-nourish'd veins, unprotected and cold,

Oft a death-boding tremor has run.

Yet I mark oft the active, the vigorous, and young,

With Profufion and Indolence bleft,——

But they feel not the pleasures to thee that belong,——

Thou fovereign Gem of the breast !

I'm defpis'd, and I'm treated as worfe than a flave,

Condem'd to the lafh of Difgrace ;

I have no gentle friend who fhall weep at my grave,

For living I'm dead to my race.

Yet I am a *man*, and the wretch is no more,

Whofe Name lifts him far from the opprefs'd,

Vain title !——For Ancestry ne'er can infure

The fovereign Gem of the breast.

When all my afflictions are fled with my breath,
 And the throbs of Misfortune shall cease;
 When the toils of Life's journey are over in death,
 And I'm laid on the pillow of Peace.
 Then *Vice*, tho' my green turf he scornfully tread,
 My rights shall no longer contest
 For I'll claim in the skies the well-merited mee'd,
 And boast—the bright Gem of my breast.

SONG.

I OWN that I'm poor and devoted to shame,
 The outcast and scorn of the earth,
 For my kindred no titled oppressors I claim
 Whose vices are charter'd by birth.
 Yet while with the feelings of Nature at war
 They bend to proud Custom the knee,
 Tho' I'm mean and unnotic'd, I'm happier by far—
 As the ^{gale}gate of the mountain I'm free.

I heedlessly rove o'er the heath-cover'd hill
 And the mild blowing breezes inhale,
 I listlessly stray near the devious rill
 As it winds to the far distant vale.
 As long as wild Nature can give me delight
 I reckon not the Lordlings' decree,
 The joy that *She* wakens I claim as my right
 While as gales of the mountain I'm free.

Some worldlings may toil for the misery of wealth,
 Thro' the maze of corruption and art;

More than riches I value the mind's placid health,

Than Fame a susceptible heart.

For the wretched, 'tis true, I've a pitiful store,

Yet I share all my little with glee,

And perchance were I rich I should covet the more,

Nor as gales of the mountain be free.

I'm friendless, and scarcely am rank'd with mankind,

Friendship shrinks from the desolate heart,

Misfortune can cancel the bonds of the mind,

And a tear is a signal—to part !

I care not !—for Virtue I ever will claim,

Though I'm poor, She's a fortune to me;

She shall still be my *friend* tho' the world I disclaim,

While as gales of the mountain I'm free.

Though death be a dread to the king-titled slave,

He soon must experience its blow ;

While with torture and anguish he sinks to the grave,

And is laid with a mockery of woe.

I forgotten will cheerfully mix with the clod

That is welcome to Sorrow and me,

And the primrose and hare-bell shall spring on the sod,

And the gale of the mountain blow free.

Address to a Cottage.

HAIL, sacred scene of simple joy!

The little rustic cottage hail !

Such as I oft have chanc'd to spy

In far off solitary vale.

I know thee by thy whiten'd wall,

Thy lowly roof of warmest thatch,

Thy shadowy arm, thy casement small,

Thy humble door and simple latch.

I know thee by thy garden neat,

Where many a useful herb is seen,

Where wall-flowers yield an odour sweet,

And woodbines twine with jas'mines green.

Hail rustic cot ! thy nameless roof

Each social virtue oft has known,

"Of Faith and Love the matchless proof,"

Thy little tenement has shewn.

A happy Husband's calm retreat——

For fate has given a partner dear ;

A happy Father's tranquil seat——

For beauteous babes are smiling there.

There Peace affords a purer joy

Than Luxury could e'er dispense ;

There courtly vices ne'er annoy

The ignorance of Innocence.

There, if the systematic school

No sophist laws for life enact

To chain the free-born mind to rule——

The native feelings teach to act.

Affection fills the guileless heart,

Each knows that happiness is dear,

And simple Nature tries t' impart

That bliss to every object near.

Hail rustic cot! thy frugal board

Still may thy happy tenants spread,

Ne'er may they court the miser's hoard

While blest with peace and honest bread.

May Virtue ever dwell with thee,

And Nature's pure sensations blest,

May pain ne'er rise—to agony,

Nor even pleasure—to excess.

Stanzas written at the Approach of Winter.

F AINT and sad thro' the mist on the grove's sickly hue

The pale sun diffuses a sorrowful day,

A deep boding silence pervades the dim view,

And light feathery clouds the dull heavens array.

The hedge-rows deserted are mournfully still,

Where a few yellow leaves linger drooping and *fear* :

The feeble grass bends o'er the flow-winding rill,

And each conscious scene mourns the pale close of the year.

So droop all the objects' that once we admired,

So timelessly fades life's inconsequent day,

Those objects that lately so sweetly inspired,

As the glories of Nature shall vanish away.

Those friendships, those loves, those emotions so dear,

That thrill the young mind, and mysteriously bless,

On the wing of cold time shall soon disappear,

And leave us the gloom of inactive distress.

The rude touch of Art numbs the springs of the soul,
 And checks the vibration of Sympathy's breast;
 Our early affections, exempt from controul,
 How soon shall cold Apathy's influence arrest.

Then observe the drear view and contemplate thy doom;
 Observe its dim gloom, and dismiss every tie,
 Tho' now in *Youth's summer* some pleasures may bloom,
 Remember that Age, and that Winter are nigh:

*A poetical Effusion, written after a Journey into North
Wales.*

YE Powers unseen, whose pure ærial forms
 Hover o'er Cambria's awful mountains hoar!
 Who breathe your fury in her raging storms,
 And join your deep yells to the tempest's roar,
 Assist my visionary soul to soar
 Once more enraptur'd o'er your prospects drear;
 Let each sensation warm my heart once more,
 That wont to prompt th' enthusiastic tear,
 And raise my restless soul when your wild scenes were near.

Sure ye who viewless range those prospects blest,
 And swiftly glance o'er many a heath-clad hill,
 Sure ye oft animate the glowing breast,
 And often warm with many a mystic thrill
 The pure poetic fancy!—Oh! deign still
 Those high, those speechless pleasures to renew,
 Bid memory trace each scene with faithful skill,
 And let Imagination's fervour true,
 With emphasis recal each magic mountain view.

In all the tedious intercourse of life,

Say, is there aught of bliss sublime and high ?

Amid the fluttering world's unmeaning strife ;

Say, is there aught to soothe or satisfy

The soul aspiring to its kindred sky ?——

No !—Nature, thou alone can'st boast the power

To reallume the melancholy eye,

Cheer the dejection of the restless hour,

And bid advent'rous thought to trackless regions tower.

If thou, perchance, has ever felt the smart

Of unrequited friendship, go and soothe

In independence wild thy wearied heart !——

The charm of solitary pleasures prove

Ye who the world's cold scorn may sometimes move

To curse mankind !—and ye that doubt and fear,

Oh ! see how Nature beams with boundless love !—

The God of Nature shall instruct you there,

Dispel the mental cloud, and flash conviction clear.

And you ye Cambrian hills and vallies sweet,

You gave such pleasure to a wearied mind,

You fill'd a heart which thought all joy deceit

With unfeign'd rapture, and with peace refin'd ;

Thanks to your charms and glories unconfin'd !

Thanks to that God who gave a heart to feel !

And may your rude scenes with an influence kind
Continue long the wound of care to heal,
And warm afresh with joy, Affliction's bosom chill.

And you, ye shadowy spirits, that unseen

All wildly glance those fabled scenes along,
Whose solemn voices, oft Night's conscious queen
Salute with murmur sweet, and mystic song ;
May you for him that raptur'd roves along,
Or climbs some rock whose fork'd peak cleaves the sky,
If chance the powers of verse to him belong,
Bid dreams of hallow'd import flutter by,
And purge from mortal film, his half-enlighten'd eye.

The Melancholy Man.

*"But where a sight shall shuddering sorrow find,
"Sad as the ruins of the human mind."——BOWLES.*

WHAT means this tumult of thy foul,
 Those feelings words could ne'er define ;
 Those languid eyes that vacant roll,
 Those cherish'd thoughts that inly pine ?
 Why dost thou wildly love to stray
 Where dimly gleams the doubtful day.
 And all-unconscious-muse with pensive pace ?
 Or why in lorn dejected mood
 Bend o'er the melancholy flood,
 And with unmeaning gaze the heedless current trace ?

Ah ! why, thou poor, distracted *Thing* !
 Those mutter'd accents, broken, low ;
 Those visionary tears that spring
 From unintelligible woe ?
 Why does the rose that deck'd thy cheek
 Pal'd o'er with care, no more bespeak

The lovely flush of life's luxurious morn ?

Or o'er thy shrunk, ambiguous face

Bereft of Youth's untutor'd grace

Thy locks all wildly hang, neglected and forlorn ?

Should Eve's meek star with paly eye,

Peep lonely o'er the mountain's head,

While o'er the blue, tranfluent sky

Some feathery clouds are lightly spread ;

Why wilt thou seek the rushy heath,

And listen as the gale's low breath

Murmurs forlorn the moss-clad waste along ?

When from the bordering copse is heard

The music of the night's lone bird,

Why pass uncounted hours to list her plaintive song ?

When Cynthia's flood of liquid light

Pours softly—silvering on the vale,

And hush'd by wizzard spells of night

Slumbers the lightly-fluttering gale:

What wish does all thy soul absorb

While gazing at the *conscious orb*

Thou court'st a pale ray to thy burning breast?

Say, longs thy soul to wing its flight

Athwart the vast profound of night,

And in some realms unknown to find a *little rest*?

Why does the tear unbidden start,

And sighs tumultuous wildly swell,

Why flutters thy ingenuous heart;

Thy looks, unspoken feelings tell;

If chance beneath thy ~~fragrant~~ feet

Thou see'st the lover's *last retreat*,

The cold unlovely grave of pale despair?

Why dost thou drop a feeling tear

Upon the flowret lurking near,

And bid it ever droop, a meek memento, there?

Why with unwonted dalliance yearn

O'er *this*, the last resource of man,

And with mysterious longing turn

Thy *only shelter*, *Worth*! to scan?

Why dost thou, to affliction true,

When April sheds her chilly dew,

Bend o'er the spot, e'er peeps the weeping day ?

And when cold eve's unreal gleam \

Confounds the gaze in visual dream,

Why dost thou love to hear the curfew die away ?

Where (monument of past delight,

And truer type of joy's short reign)

The ruin gleams, and yells affright

Foreboding death, the witless swain ;

Why dost thou love alone to tread

Fragments with ivy overspread,

And mark the grey tower half enshrin'd in trees ;

Or listen as in vaults beneath,

From viewless forms deep murmurs breathe,

And sighs on mossy walls the melancholy breeze ?

Why dost thou loiter on the beach

Where peaceful plays the placid wave,

And often with fantastic speech

To the deaf ocean idly rave ;

Why dost thou bid the billow bear

Thy frame unnerv'd by fancied care

To realms more pure, where genial souls inspire?

Why dost thou view the little skiff

Which flutters near the frowning cliff

With many an "aching wish," and impotent desire?

When in the crowded walks of men,

'Mid festive scenes thou'rt doom'd to mix;

Why with unlucky bias then,

Thy thoughts on some disaster fix?

Why dost thou spurn alluring mirth,

And bend unconscious to the earth,

Mute and unknowing, absent and unknown?

Why dost thou frown on every sport,

And curse indignant those that court

The motley phantom joy, on Folly's tinsel throne?

And wherefore, when the trump of fame

Inflames the soul to Glory's deed,

With cynic tongue the effort blame,

And quaintly mock th' ephemeron meed?

Why now with misanthropic eye

The springs of action keenly try

Thro' the pure medium of *eternal truth*?

Now rais'd above this nether sphere

A *mere spectator* judge severe,

Nor chill'd by fears of age, nor warm'd by hopes of youth?

Is it because each tie is gone

That bound thee to this fragile state?

Because thou'rt left forlorn, alone,

No friend to love!—no foe to hate?

Has keen Affection often brought

The pleasures of a *tender thought*,

And is such thought for ever now bereft?

Say, hast thou felt an ardent flame

Which not eternity could tame,

And are its joys expir'd, and all its *vigour* left?

Has Fancy to thy madden'd gaze

Display'd th' *elysium of bliss*,

Say, did her *secret wonders* raise

A wish for *happier worlds than this*?

And is the wanton fairy gone,

And left thee chill'd to *conscious stone*,

At this cold prospect of unmeaning care ?

And is Hope's lustre fled afar,

Nor haply from her pilot star

Gleams one congenial ray, repellent of despair ?

Is it because thou lov'dst mankind

With ardour warm as angels feel,

And did they spurn thy generous mind,

And wanton wound—nor wish to heal ?

——If causes dark as these have wrought

The puzzling wreck of splendid thought,

Weep !——yet curse Fate's indiscriminate rod——

I ask why miscreants live content,

While Ruin's ruthless rage has bent !

THE MAN OF GENUINE WORTH, "THE NOBLEST WORK
OF GOD !"

*Deep and mellowly turn from this low earth,
yet sometimes muse, why miscreants bloom,
While sorrow's black anatomy gloom
lights, ere his power's expired, the trembling child
of death.*

The Slave.—An Ode.

Poor Slave! Misfortune's harrafs'd child!

Who liv'ft to weep, and breath'ft to figh,

Oh thou from every friend exil'd,

And hid from Pity's melting eye!

Say, when at morning's joyless call,

Thy daily toil thou goeft to bide,

To writhe in Slavery's hated thrall,

To *wounds of Wealth*, and *threats of Pride*!

Say, doft thou know *unfriended Thing*!

That thoufands glittering, gay, and vain,

Disporting fcud aloof on filken wing?—

And doft thou know that they like thee are men?

Art thou aware while plung'd in grief's abyfs,

That Rapture gilds *their* hours, add life for *them* is blifs?

Oh no! thou know'ft it not—for thee

Poor wretch! 'tis one to live and pine—

For who is bleft that is not free?

And chains alas! are ever thine!

Methinks I see thy hollow eye,

Thy pleading look, thy gestures meek,

Methinks I mark thy struggling sigh,

The big round tear that scalds thy cheek.

Thy trembling hands their force forget,

The faint drops course thy feeble frame,

I mark the pang of Death!—thine eye is set——

From thy parch'd lips their latest murmurs came——

Yes! all is o'er—thy *griefs* have had their scope,

And o'er thy *dying face* I mark'd a *gleam of hope*.

Come round the corse, ye hard ambitious Great!

Come round the corse, ye puny sons of Pride!

Whoe'er ye are that loll in odious state,

Come look on him who toil'd, who wept, and died!

His cruel scars, his shatter'd joints behold,

Ye rosy—featur'd sons of filken Sloth!

Observe your waxen limbs, your robes of gold,

Then seek the marks of Brotherhood in both!

If I mistake not Traitors! much ye blush——

Rash violators of eternal right!

May the dark deed confound ye, may it crush

The monstrous transports of insulting Might !

Oh may you melting view an injur'd slave !

BE FREEDOM CRADLED IN A BONDMAN'S GRAVE !

Stanzas, written by Ulfwater, Cumberland.

FAIR lake I mark thine ample tide,

Thy crisped surface clear and blue;

I mark the groves that fringe thy side

Reflected in thy mirror true.

I mark yon grey rocks rudely wild,

That nod stupendous o'er the vale,

I feel the breezes warm and mild

That haste to fill yon filken sail.

I see the transient shadow pass

Along thy variegated hills,

And while they lave the margin grafs,

I hear thy sweetly murmuring rills.

I hear the mellow-melting horn,

While Echo swells each languid close,

On every breeze is music borne!——

On every object beauty glows!

Welcome the wild tumultuous thrill !

Hail, child of Nature, fond alarm !

To me this sigh is pleasing still,

To me this tear has many a charm.

But yet I wish—thou hov'ring sigh,

But yet I wish—thou glowing tear,

I wish—and yet I scarce know why——

That when you rise a friend were near.

The following POEM was written with intention to trace the possible effect of the present abuses of the social system, on a Youth more accustomed to *feel* than *reason*; who is doom'd, when his sentiments had been raised to a high toned enthusiasm, by contemplating the wildest features of Nature, through the magnifying medium of sensibility, to view, not only the effects of the selfish principle in others, but to feel himself its unfortunate victim.

O S W A L D,

A POEM.

To paint the pangs of disappointed Worth,
 To raise from infamy a blasted name,
 To give to One, whose virtues felt on earth
 The hopeless meed of cold, neglect, and shame,
 (While Vice can swell the venal trump of Fame)
 A humble tribute pure——Be Pity's task——
 And tho' no Muse my artless numbers frame,
 The surer aid of holy Truth I ask,
 To snatch from virtuous Woe, Opinion's treach'rous mask.
 And thou whose fate this uncouth verse would shew,
 Oh! lend a while *dear shade* the feeling warm,
 Impart that finer sense of soul that knew
 To paint in Truth's bright hues, th' ideal form

That flits so swiftly with impetuous charm.—

For sure, tho' cold, in silent dust thou'rt laid,
That soul refin'd which felt each quick alarm,
Slumbers not senseless on the grave's dull bed ;
But soars where erst on earth its glowing raptures led.

Oswald, (for Oswald's fate demands the song)

Where first he enter'd life's delicious morn,
Saw Hope entice each smiling hour along,
And pluck'd the rose of Joy—without its thorn ;
For him, by Fancy's flattering pencil drawn

Would countless charms awaken sweet surprize,
And oft by thought enthusiastic borne,

His glowing soul on Ardour's wing would rise
To snatch each finite bliss compleated in the skies.

The love of Nature warm'd his youthful breast,

Her varying forms his varying passions thrill'd ;
Her rudest scenes, when peace was Oswald's guest,

His musing mind with high amazement fill'd :
And oh ! what joy her softer charms could yield ;

What perfect calm inspir'd the thought serene,
As on he wanders thro' the fertile field,

Where smiling plenty crowns the glowing scene,
And radiant summer suns "diffuse their dazzling sheen."

Methinks I see him while the dewy morn

O'er every object throws her lust'rous grace,
Far from the town's disgusting din withdrawn,
With happy heart and animated face

The wildest features of the landscape trace——

Now up the breezy hill he loves to go
Where fragrant wild flowers peep with pearly face,
And curling grey mists silent sail and flow
Half-hiding many a hill that skirts the scene below.

The rising sun now darts his vermeil ray

And feebly gilds the hill's enamell'd brow,
Now on the hanging grove, whence many a lay

Hails the fresh morn, Aurora's blushes glow:
The curling mists dispelling quickly, now

The beauties of the landscape burst to fight——
Unnumber'd streams with living waters flow,

The distant mountain shews its azure height,
The tuneful woods and meads with morning's smiles are bright.

Call'd to fresh life, with songs that pierce the skies

Glad nature hails the vivifying ray,

And countless melodies of rapture rise.—

The pipe's shrill tones,—the sky-lark's matin lay,

The blooming milk-maid's artless air so gay,

The hum of riv'lets murmuring all around,

The cooling gales that fan the infant day,

Low-whispering in the grove, unbid rebound,

Pure orisons of joy in many a choral sound.

And when the proud Sun, from his flaming car,

Beams on the world with wide extended blaze,

Would youthful Oswald wander from afar

As o'er the world of waters dazzling plays

His living lustre.—While his glittering rays

Dance on the clear blue wave with trem'lous light,

And o'er the ocean wanton zephyr strays,

He'd watch the little bark with sail so white,

Faint in the horizon dim, scarce trembling to the sight.

Or as the meek and dubious hues of eve

The landscape veil'd to make it charm the more,

Would Oswald loiter where the lonely wave

With listless murmur lingers on the shore:

And oft he'd hearken as the distant oar

Is far and faintly heard, with liquid sound,

While twilight's thick'ning shades steal softly o'er,

And scarce the faintly mark'd horizon round

The tender beauteous blush of parting day is found.

Now thro' the dusk the white sail gently gleams,

The distant coast is sinking from the sight,

The little planet scarcely-twinkling beams,

And from some rugged promontory's height,

The lonely beacon casts a trembling light——

Each object dies——When lo! a globe of fire,

The crimson moon steals on the vault of night

From the dark wave——then slowly mounting higher,

She faintly gilds the main as day's last tints expire.

Now her soft beams on every object play,

And brightly-mutable the wave along,

Trembles her pale and sorrow-soothing ray——

And now yon wild impending woods among

Some melancholy plaint or mystic song

Would sweetly linger on “the night's dull ear;”

For haunts like these to fairy forms belong,

Whose magic notes, when no rude foot is near,
Aspire on viewless gales to many a tuneful sphere.

Such scenes as these could give the peaceful thought,

And with an holy calm his bosom fill,

Yet other prospects oft th' enthusiast fought,

Whose hoary grandeur woke the trembling thrill,

Where forms of Terror half appall'd the will :—

Oft would he climb some solitary tower

Pil'd on the hanging cliff's rude point,—and still

As the winds rave, and fullen tempests lower,

He'd call up phantoms, dire of melancholy power.

The sulph'rous cloud rolls silent at his feet,

Fancy alone, the scene beneath can know,

Where rude and loud the restless billows beat,

Dashing the rocks that tremble as they flow.

The wintry winds in gusts resistless blow,

The ruin totters,—fragments hugely rude

Swept by the bleak blasts' fury leap below,

And as they madly plunge th' infuriate flood,

Danger awaking scowls with Fear's infernal brood.

Nor would the night restrain his feet to seek

The dizzy height, when thro' the black'ning cloud
The moon's chill beams at short intervals break,

And tempests howl, and billows fob aloud:

He'd climb where lonely frowns the ruin proud,

And while the walls among the wild winds roar,
Sometimes a sudden ray its grey towers shew'd——

Then pitchy clouds the pale orb failing o'er
From night's tempestuous sky she fades—to shine no more.

And when the moon was gone from mortal eye,

He'd often watch the light'nings livid flame
Dart swiftly through the horror-troubled sky,——

Now with resounding groan the thunder came
To shake Creation's universal frame ;——

The deep winds dully pause,—the big waves swell
Their silent heads,---Stillness, whose terrors shame

The direst founts, with thickest night would dwell,
And Nature shrouds her face in deepest shades of hell.

Then would he cherish the untutor'd dream

Of waking fancy,---then the magic tale
Fraught with black circumstance would be his theme ;

The unexplor'd, the dark mysterious cell,

The haunted hall——The thought-suspending yel,
 From dungeon deep where sheeted spectres reign,
 The wondrous magic of the potent spell,
 The dying groan,---the fullen clanking chain,
 And pale blue quiv'ring lamp that lights the dull dornain.
 The phantoms fly,---the shades of night are o'er,
 And the grey dawn and other thoughts succeed;
 Thro' breaking clouds he kens the distant shore,
 Where the huge billow curls its foamy head.——
 Or while the clouds departing, darkly shade
 The melancholy main, afar he eyes
 The white waves breaking on their troubled bed,
 As with impetuous force they madly rise,
 And furious fling their foam amid tempestuous skies.
 Thus varying scenes his varying feelings thrill'd,
 Thus every passion nurs'd by nature mild,
 With warmest energy his bosom fill'd :——
 Now would he prove a calm, serene and mild——
 Now would his heart, by sympathy beguil'd,
 In tenderest pity melt,—the tear would flow;
 Then leaving every scene where beauty smil'd,

Where wildest forms are seen he'd love to go,
 And court the phrensi'd trance, and wake the throb of woe.
 Yet tho' his mind the charms of nature felt,
 Still more he lov'd each moral feeling dear,
 In his young bosom warm affection dwelt,
 And Virtue found a sure asylum there :
 Oft would he anxious wipe the falling tear
 From Grief's pale cheek,—and at the face of Joy
 His heart would beat in wild vibrations,—Care
 Would oft his fondly-cherish'd hopes annoy,
 Yet soon would Fancy's fire her wizard spell destroy.
 And well he knew to feel the glow of love,
 (That best affection of the youthful soul)
 Its cares, its hopes, its fears, he oft would prove
 In tides alternate thro' his breast to roll.
 Oft would the impassion'd look defy controul,
 Oft would expression flush his glowing cheek,
 When beauty's form o'er all his senses stole,
 Sometimes with pensive lustre chastely meek,
 Now bright as the orient beam when day's warm blushes break.

And oft Religion's holy ardour bore,
 His soul refin'd to scenes where all are blest ;
 " There," would he say, " the wretch shall sigh no more,
 There shall the weary find a welcome rest ;
 There shall that Being who directs us best,
 For ever blest with inexpressive joy,
 The virtuous effort,—Worth below oppress ;——
 There blifs shall ever glisten in the eye——
 And Gratitude be mute, o'ercome with ecstasy."

Such thoughts could animate thy ^{Youth} useful hours,
 Such joys thy bosom once could prove full well,
 Oh thou ! whose heaven-taught intellectual powers
 Weaken'd by woes—depress'd by arts of hell
 From Glory's height, to Ruin's abyss fell !
 Thou once wert happy—but how soon 'twas o'er !
 Hope once was thine—she bade a long farewell !
 Till unassisted on Misfortune's shore
 Thy little bark was wreck'd, was wreck'd—to rise no more

OSWALD,

A POEM.

PART II.

OH thou, MOST HIGH, who gav'st us being here,

Sure thou design'dst those feelings of the soul,

The social wish, the soft affection dear,

Religion's holy ardour, to controul

Despair's keen pangs, when Grief's wild billows roll :

Charms to the *native mind* with comfort fraught,

That *mind* were surely given to console. —

Let execration wait the art that taught

To weave the sophist web, and chill the excursive thought;

Oswald look'd forward to delight on earth,

(For sure a well spent life delight should give)

And Hope, which calls each pleasing thought to birth;

Whisper'd his trusting soul that he should live

In happier scenes eternal ; — to receive

The immortal recompense of virtuous deed ;

Yet when he saw Worth, unprotected strive

With Insolence and Wealth, his heart would bleed

To view the poor man fall, and none to intercede.

Till late he'd wander'd in the lonely scene,

Far from the impure, the unhallow'd haunts of man,

And now his soul which prov'd each feeling keen,

Would oft with shuddering indignation scan

The dark abuses of the social plan!——

(Social misnam'd——unsocial, selfish, base !)

And oft the keen throb thro' each fibre ran

As he beheld the enfanguin'd Tyrant chafe,

His helpless, hapless *equals* of the human race.

“ Where are the ties of fellowship and love ?

Where is the wish that ought to bind in one,

The brother race ?——Whom hopes congenial move,

Who equal moral powers and feelings own,

Whom kindred pains and pleasure oft have shewn

An equal share of comfort form'd to feel :——

Why do the supercilious rich alone

Engross kind Nature's gifts, whose looks conceal

The dark tyrannic thought, the harden'd heart of steel ?

The wretch that basks in Fortune's fav'ring smile,

Yet breathes contagion on the scene around,

Shall he be blest with peace, and Worth, the while

Feel the keen anguish of Misfortune's wound ?

Has partial Heaven bestow'd the teeming ground,

And luscious fruits, to bless the *little great*,

While all the rest in galling slavery bound

Contrast as foils th' insulting pomp of state,

And kiss the tyrant hand that deals the curse of fate ?

Yes, so it is !—and man, whose boundless love

Embraces worlds,——whose energies of mind

Can scale the skies,—omnipotent can prove.——

Man sinks to hapless impotence resign'd !

He ever *weeps*—who *feels* the *smile* resign'd !

He who can *love*—indulges *hate* and *lust* !

He who to *help* his brother was design'd,

Unfeeling treads that brother in the dust !

The *soul* that *music* thrills—the *shrieks* of *War's* disgust !

His breast with sadd'ning disappointment torn,

Oswald survey'd the dark mysterious scene,

And not alone, alas ! he learns to mourn

In public life these rude disasters keen.——

His Friend (for friendship's balmy joy serene,

He fondly thought would soothe his wearied heart)

With whom he'd shar'd and soften'd every pain,

Corrupted by the world, with selfish art,

Of base Ingratitude, inflicts the deadly smart.

And Love, that ought to bind the wound of care,

She frowns—and Ofwald's heart was doom'd to bleed,

He prov'd that Worth can ne'er avert Despair,

He prov'd that Virtue's voice in vain must plead,

If Wealth, *her substitute*, lend not her aid!

Thus, all his best and first affections cross'd,

Deserted, curs'd by *Honesty* and *Need*,

He sunk on life's rough ocean, rudely toss'd,

No star of joy to guide—and Hope's firm anchor lost.

Yet still on this tempestuous scene of woe,

A ray of comfort darting from above,

Would to his soul a transient calm bestow :—

Religion's joys his bosom still could prove,

And oft as faith and resignation move

The thought harmonious—he would still forget

(Soaring to heaven on the wings of Love)

The sad misfortunes of resistless Fate.—

“ For other joys are mine, and peace my portion yet.”

Thus thro’ the cloud of Sorrow and Distress,

A feebly soothing beam would sometimes dart,

To charm the memory of lost happiness,

That ever rankled in his weary heart.—

But soon alas ! the Sophist’s deadly art,

Chill’d each remaining faculty of mind,—

Doubt and Despair each balmy comfort thwart

That Misery’s fell train had left behind :—

“ The chaos dark to cheer” no lenient lustre shin’d,

Hope, sweet Consoler of the troubled breast !

Who smil’st serenely ’mid each threat’ning storm !

When thou, alas ! no longer art our guest,

Where shall we shelter from each rude alarm,

Doom’d all our moral vigour to disarm.—

Ah, where could Oswald fly !—He’d lost thy ray—

He’d lost of life each visionary charm,—

And nought appear’d in Fate’s dejecting way,

But whelming floods of grief, and clouds of dark dismay.

For much he scorn'd to use each meaner art
 To bribe the uncertain voice of partial Fame,
 And much he scorn'd, with avaritious heart
 To seek for honour in the path of shame.—
 To enroll 'mid worldlings base his tainted name :—
 Thus, in his soul with dreams romantic fraught,
 "Chill Penury" repress'd the rapturous flame,
 And sceptic Doubt, and check'd Affection brought,
 While Vice can bathe in bliss, to him the freezing thought.

 As when the tempest raging from afar,
 Wages, resistless, thro' the affrighted vale
 An elementary, disastrous war :—
 And clouds o'er clouds in wild disorder fail.
 If chance a violet low, or primrose pale,
 Spring where the river's foamy waters rise,
 It yields o'erpower'd ;—while the wintry gale,
 And beating waves the stubborn oak defies,
 And in contemptuous pomp, spreads proudly to the skies.

 So 'mid surrounding storms and tempest dire,
 The impending ruin, Wealth and Power can mock,

While borne by crouching miriads they aspire

Like Gods to brave e'en Death's infuriate shock,

And frown insulting as the scowling rock;—

Yet senfate Virtue yields to Fortune's spell,

And every fiend of fate is doom'd to unlock

Reflection's secret phantom-teeming cell,

To wake the mental storm, and sink the soul to hell.

So Ofwald (he who lately could enjoy

The enliv'ning charm of Nature's smiling views,

He, who while genius glisten'd in his eye,

Could sweetly wander with the inspiring muse :)

Is doom'd to feel ;—'till overwhelm'd with woes,

He sinks in fullen impotence of mind :

In vain the morn displays her roseate hues,

In vain the meek eve wakes the charm refin'd,

Ofwald is doom'd in each a ceaseless blank to find.

Is this thy boast oh Vice ! thus to have spoil'd

With enervating art the Good and Great ?

Shall Doubt triumphant, (every hope exil'd)

Blacken with deadly hues the page of Fate,

Nor the worn victim Pity's throb await ?

Oh no ! the venial error should we blame
 Compassion's tear shall rue the mournful state,
 While undisguis'd Religion shall disclaim
 The abuses of her power, the deeds that blur her name.

The pharisaic cant—from perjur'd lips,
 Creeds of salvation—from a faithless saint,
 From *him* who ne'er one moral maxim keeps

The penitential rule, and proverb quaint :
 Men, with the gospel's peaceful tidings sent

Are only lavish in damnation's threat,——
 Thus, while Religion's pranked in pomp and paint,
 Her votaries Virtue's banish'd claims forget,
 And she appears at best, a *tinsel toy of state*.

Poor Oswald wand'ring from the distant vale,
 Beheld the chaos of the moral plan ;
 " If Error thus" said he, " must still prevail,—

If man must ever be the dupe of man,—
 Oh ! let me cease the dismal scene to scan !

For I can ne'er avail to check the tide
 Of Luxury and Woe ;—since I began

To tread the busy path, fell Ruin wide
O'er every rueful view, and ravag'd scene I've spied."

" My friend is gone!—my heart's *fond wish* is o'er!

Unheeded Poverty (Opinion's shame)

With patience meek my harass'd bosom bore!—

Oft have I felt the insulting threat of blame

From Wealth inflated with the blast of Fame!—

But now e'en Hope's sustaining arm is gone,

(Virtue's a farce, Religion's but a name)

And sad I rove unheeded and alone,

While Heav'n's averted ear is deafen'd to my moan."

" Then what avails it still to linger here,

Chill'd by the blasting gaze of fell Despair,

If I could dry a Brother's falling tear,

Or bid the glow of Hope, the sportive air,

Once more adorn the fading form of Care,

Still might I pine in Life's mysterious round!—

But no! it cannot be! Truth shall declare

That joy once lost shall ne'er again be found!—

Peace is the child of Death,—Oblivion seals his wound!"

Then didst thou triumph, Vice ! for Oswald fell !

Insects of Pride, ephemeron flutters blush !

Despis'd, dejected, wrong'd by arts of hell,

Misfortune's weight could virtuous Oswald crush !

And you, mean while, satanic joys can flush,

Proud in the impious pomp of wealth and sin !——

And while on Glory's car ye madly rush

Terrific suicide with weapon keen,

Pierc'd deep that virtuous heart, that soul-expressing mien.

And now consign'd to obloquy and scorn,

Oswald's condemn'd to Fate's oblivious gloom,

And scarce the twisted twig, or turf forlorn

Betray to Pity's eye his nameless tomb;——

Yet sure more *proud* his melancholy doom,

'Than that which waits Deception's foul's slave,

I'd sooner fade with Virtue's timid bloom,

Droop like the violet o'er an unknown grave,

Than with the weeds of Vice in wide luxuriance wave.

And oh ! the feelings of indignant Worth,

Must e'er, alas ! be disappointed here,

Here, Virtue unadorn'd with wealth and birth,

Shall find no friend Life's dreary road to cheer,

No social smile to soothe its toils severe:—

Religion, thou the surest friend below,

Thy charms disguis'd such fullen aspect wear,

That e'en the wretch that lies immers'd in woe,

To ask thy sovereign aid, is doubtful where to go.

Oh! may the clouds that veil the moral world

Be swift dispell'd by Truth's resistless day!—

May Liberty's high standard be unfurl'd,

And may mankind with one consent obey

The *Rule of Reason*, not the uncertain sway

Of *mortal power*!—May they gladly join

To hail Benevolence, thy genial ray!—

Then, if perchance another Oswald shine,

That Worth that prov'd a curse—the world shall deem *divine*.

The following Poems were composed after the other Pieces were sent to Pres.

SONNET,

Written 1st of May, 1795.

'TIS May!—once more the laughing meads rejoice,

Once more the salutary zephyrs play,

Once more the grove's gay tenants tune their voice

To hail the lustre of the vernal day!

The quiv'ring wave in gay meander flows,

The filken insect skims the silver stream,

The azure violet, and the pale primrose,

On every green bank negligently gleam.

Brighter the lustre of the glowing skies,

And brighter still as noon-tide hours advance,

The painted landscape beams with deeper dyes,

And rays more potent thro' light æther glance.

But what, alas! avails the jocund day

To uniform distress, 'tis never—May!

SONNET,

Written early in the Morning.

COME morning gleam and linger on my breast !

Come early gale and pour thy od'rous wealth !

And oh ! bring Peace ! a long forgotten guest,

Ye subtle ministers of mental health !

Go fallow Care ! nor Nature's scenes profane

With the blank aspect of thy sombre eye :

Ah go and torture the unhallow'd train,

Who sunk in deep repose supinely lie.

I'll own thee not—for Fortune's gifts I scorn,

And pitying view the puny aims of Pride ;

Give me the lustre of the glowing morn,

Give Nature's charms—I care for nought beside !

Come then soft zephyr, come thou orient ray,

Come, and forebode at least,—one peaceful day.

Dirge, occasioned by an Infant's Death.

THE fluttering gale has sunk to rest,
The sloping sun-beams feebly glow,
Such zephyrs breathe as soothe the breast,
Such radiance pours as softens woe.

The languid notes of lonesome bird,
From yonder coppice sweetly wind,
And thro' the scene are faintly heard
Sounds that are silence to the mind.

As slow my vagrant feet advance
Thro' shadowy evening's fav'rite gloom,
Mine eyes peruse with vacant glance
An infant's solitary tomb.

'Twas simple ! yet the green sod there,
That seem'd to court no stranger's eye,
Than marble——claim'd a tenderer tear !—
Than sculpture——mov'd a softer sigh !

Thro' ever-mourning gloom

A lonely primrose rais'd its head,
 And here and there pale violets swell,
 And if no venal tears were shed,
 From many a flower the dew-drop fell,

And Pity there was often seen
 To prompt the nameless Pilgrim's sighs,
 (For Pity loves to haunt the scene,
 Where Grief is stript of Art's disguise)

I mark'd the spot !——and felt my soul
 Enwrapp'd in Sorrow's softest mood ;
 The pensive shade that o'er me stole,
 It could not lightly be withstood.

I mark'd the spot——and thought how soon
 Each earthly blessing is resign'd !
 E'en then I saw life's dearest boon
 Consign'd to dust——to death consign'd !

And while a parent's hopes and fears,
 To fabling Fancy forceful swell;
 M

And while a parent's anxious tears,——

These accents negligently fell.

“Thou little tenant of the grave,

“Sleep on, untouch'd by mortal strife,

“Unknown the cares that man must brave,

“The ills, that only end with life !

“Of eager hope, unconscious thou,

“Unconscious thou of grief's extreme,

“To thee——an *everlasting now* !

“To thee—a sleep without a dream !

“Sleep on, poor child !—a fellow worm,

“Who's prov'd for thee life's joy and care,

“Would fain forego the useless term,

“He's tasted life——and death's his prayer.

“To thee, poor child ! e'er grief is brought

“To vex thy soul, oblivion's given !——

“Oh ! if the grave could boast of *thought*,

“*That thought would make the grave——a heaven !*”

Elegy on the same Subject.

THE eastern hill and waving wood
 Have caught the morning's golden glance,
 Along the undulating flood
 The orient sun-beams quivering dance:

Athwart the azure track of sky
 A living radiance lightly spreads,
 While every gale that flutters by
 A balmy perfume mildly sheds:

Each tree at yester-noon that bow'd,
 And ficken'd at the mid-day blaze;
 Its branches spreads in foliage proud,
 And waving hails the morning's rays:

Each simple flower that clos'd its eye,
 And shrunk from dull night's wizard shade,
 Assumes a warmer, livelier die,
 And lovelier gems the lonely glade.

Thus beauteous are the scenes of morn!—

Thus does each new-born object glow!—

Young health in every breeze is borne,

And songs of bliss for ever flow.

But oh! how transient was the view!

I hail'd the breeze, and smiling hail'd;

I mark'd the scene when all withdrew,

And stormy clouds the morning veil'd.

The vex'd sea raves,—the forests bend,

A fullen darkness clouds the air;

Unwelcome rains, and fleet descend,

The scene's a mirror of Despair!

The simple flower that gem'd the glade,

And op'd at morn its dewy eye,

Shrinks from the tempests that invade,

And bends its fairy stalk—to die!

Ah little flower! the cruel blast

Has rob'd thy sweets—no more to cheer—

And as thy leaves on earth are cast,

I mark thy fate—and drop a tear.

For when thy ravag'd beauties droop'd,

Reflection caught the feeling warm——

E'en so fair Edwin feebly stoop'd

To cruel Fate's unsparing storm.

He op'd, like thee, his infant eye,

To meet the morning's gladfome ray,

His charms with thine, sweet flower! could vie

As pure, as innocent, as gay!

And *Hope* would glisten at his mirth,

And point the parent's tender kifs,

And *Virtue* thought on *future worth*,

And *Fancy* painted *future blifs*.

But short is life's delusive rest,

And short is *Fancy's* airy dream;

And even *Virtue* seem'd *unblest*,

To lose her fairest, fondest theme.

For Edwin died !——the storms of life

He little knew, alas ! to brave,

He shrinking felt the noxious strife,

And clos'd his morn—in yonder grave !

But ye that mourn the darling boy,

And faithful wet his infant clay,

Oh think what sorrows life annoy !

And bless the hour that snatch'd away.

The plant that shrinks in life's first morn,

To me more blest, than those that wage

A war with fate, and strive forlorn

To proudly boast a stormy age.

Elegy written on a Sunday Morning.

THOU beauteous landscape, and thou azure sky,

Thou early zephyr, and thou orient ray,

Ye fairy flowers that meet my gladden'd eye,

Ye notes of bliss that hail the vernal day ;

I feel ye melt my heart, and prompt the tear,

The grateful tear that charms like these are given,

Far from my soul ye chace each thought severe,

And swift transport it to the God of heaven.

Creation smiles, and man shall also smile,

But ah! the smile must still be mix'd with pain,

To think what thousands in this mortal coil

Behold these glories, and behold in vain.

To think how man with cold perverted heart,

Slights those impressions that ensure his health,

Leaves Nature's charms and seeks the pomp of Art,

Leaves secret bliss, for cold apparent wealth.

Creation's all-sufficient volume leaves

Where goodness bursts, and smiles at every page,

The web of sophistry degraded weaves,

And lights the torch of *irreligious* rage.

Exchanging *soul-felt goodness* for a *creed*,

And madly blind, they nature's charms refuse,

But be it mine, th' extensive book to read,

Nor poorly vain, the simple page ~~refuse~~ *misuse*.

Let me nor heed th' enthusiastic whine,

Nor fondly listen to each weak pretence,

Nor idly busy, trifle, to define

The monkish saw, where *sound* has banish'd *sense*.

Let me, while others skulk to drowsy cell,

Mope o'er their book, or bend their thoughtless way

At childish summons of th' accustom'd bell,

With every vacant wish, but wish—to *pray*,

Cast o'er some boundless view my swimming eyes,

Or rove the mountain's head, the sandy beach,

And while my soul in gratitude shall rise,

Spurn at the idiot aid of prompted speech.

Stanzas on seeing a Maniac.

THOSE gestures so wild and forlorn,
 Those looks uninform'd by the soul,
 Those wrinkles expressive of scorn; *Those laughter of glee's scorn*
 Those eye-balls that vacantly roll.

 Those garments that negligent hang,
 That pace so unequal and flow,
 They tell of a *past* suffer'd pang,
 Yet of feelings *now* callous to woe.

 Those sighs that so piteously swell,
 Heave a breast all unconscious of strife;
 Those tears that unwittingly fell,
 They drain not the sluices of life.

 That bosom exposed and bare,
 It solicits the pitiless blast;
 That form unprotected by care,
 On the cold earth is heedlessly cast.

Yet that form so neglected and wan,
Which no friend shall assiduously nurse,
It forgets that its title is——*man*!
And cancels humanity's curse!

Poor Maniac ! I envy thy state,
When haply with sorrow I shrink,
When shall we be *wise* and *forget*,
For 'tis *madness* to *feel* and to *think*.

These throbs of emotion 'tis true,
They appear all enchanting and fair,
But how soon must we pitiously rue
That the charm was in league with despair.

And Hope, that *disease of the mind*,
Which prompts the young breast to expect ;
Alas ! what a change shall it find,
When it coolly begins to reflect.

What a change shall it find ! when in youth
The credulous feelings can bless——
We wish——and imagine it truth !
We dream——and believe we possess !

But the tears that voluptuously start,
 The charm of th' unspeakable sigh,
 The rapture that seizes the heart
 When a kindred companion is nigh,

Th' immortal desires of Worth, — *aspirations*
 Are feelings all fruitlessly given !

These feelings must perish on *earth*,
 And they scarcely are fabled in — *Heaven*

Then knowledge and reason adieu !
 Ye are impotent, treacherous, and vain,
 We're inform'd of enjoyment by you,
 But you never assist to *obtain* !

Inscription for the Grotto of a Friend.

THE tranquil Master of this small domain,
 Cast o'er Creation his enquiring gaze
 In quest of *Peace* he view'd the simple plain,
 He view'd the palace proud in splendour's blaze.

With anxious soul each busy haunt he rang'd,
 With earnest heart each nameless hut he spies,
 Still as he urg'd his search, Opinion chang'd
 Her fruitless aim, and still the phantom flies.

Tir'd and forlorn, he cheerlessly resolv'd
 No more in quest of *Peace* to roam in vain,
 Much in his mind each system he revolv'd,
 And much he thought, and much he wish'd t' obtain.

'Twas on a summer's eve--each simple bird
 Pour'd the soft requiem to the parted beam,
 And thro' the twilight vale were faintly heard
 Such sounds as soothe, and prompt the Poet's dream.

As o'er the view he cast his anxious eye,

While trembling twilight wove her fairy veil,

A toil-worn Pilgrim journey'd slowly by,

Plying his meek steps thro' the shadowy dale.

A soul resign'd beam'd in his face serene,

His eyes uplifted spurn'd at earthly woe,

With chasten'd gestures towards this *favour'd scene*

He bent his way—while thus his accents flow.

“ My name is *Peace*---in that fam'd age of gold

“ A youthful grace adorn'd my youthful form,

“ Then o'er the world my sway was uncontroll'd,

“ Each mind was lightfome, and each heart was warm.

“ But now alas ! Ambition, Imp of Hell,

“ Moves the hard thought, and prompts the dark desire,

“ Where Innocence and Truth were wont to dwell,

“ Cold Interest scowls, and Discord lights her fire.

“ Wounded, dejected, spurn'd from every soil,

“ O'er the wide world a *Pilgrim* now I roam,

“ Yet sometimes still I bless the sons of Toil,

“ And make the clayey cot my *humble home*.

"I've heard of THEE--thou spurn'st the pomp of Wealth,

"I've heard of THEE--thou mock'st the glare of Art,

"I'll be thy GUEST, and give thee mental health,

"Subdue thy wishes, and exalt thy heart."

Whoe'er ye are that tread the humble grot,

Attend!--and every vain enquiry cease-----

Still to commemorate the *hallow'd spot*,

This hut was built, and call'd,---"*The cell of Peace.*"

And if, as passing Life's eventful day,

Perchance ye drop the agonizing tear,

Oh! think sometimes, (and hither bend your way)

The Pilgrim Peace, became a Hermit here!

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page. Li.

- 17 — For "*Rota e*," read *Rotta e*.
do. 14 For *banish*, read *vanish*.
18 — For *Gliocchi*, read *Gli occhi*.
20 — For *Vaga*, read *Vago*.
21 — For *Quel rosignol chesii*, read *Quel rosignuol che si*.
do. 1 For *too*, read *so*.
do. 3 For *her*, read *his*.
26 9 For *hems*, read *kens*.
27 — For *Magic*, read *magic*.
29 7 For *abound*, read, *rebound*.
30 19 For *Enthusiastic*, read *enthusiastic*.
32 11 For *gentle*, read *gentlest*.
42 9 For *chearless*, read *cheerless*.
do. 11 For *wearying*, read *wearing*.
34 7 For *mee'd*, read *meed*.
45 8 For *gate*, read *gale*.
47 7 For *arm*, read *elm*.
50 6 For *sear*, read *fear*.
52 1 For *arial*, read *aerial*.
56 17 For *wizzard*, read *wizard*.
68 7 For *where*, read *when*.
69 4 For *lust'rous* read *lustrous*.
74 16 For *mild*, read *wild*.
79 16 For *war's*, read *war*.
86 2 For *flutters*, read *flutterers*.
86 15 For *souless*, read *soulless*.